

Also, resolution of the Shenandoah Valley Fruit Growers' Association, favoring law to prevent spread of dangerous insect pests—to the Committee on Agriculture.

By Mr. SIMS: Petition of business men of Washington, favoring H. R. 27670, for prevention of cruelty to animals—to the Committee on the District of Columbia.

Also, petition of farmers' convention for Carroll County, favoring a parcels-post and postal savings bank bill—to the Committee on the Post-Office and Post-Roads.

By Mr. SMITH of Michigan: Petition of P. B. Fort and 26 others, of Washington, D. C., against the Johnston Sunday bill (S. 3940)—to the Committee on the District of Columbia.

By Mr. SPERRY: Resolution of the Meriden Order of Elks, of Meriden, Conn., favoring the establishment of a reserve for the American elk—to the Committee on the Public Lands.

By Mr. STANLEY: Papers to accompany bills for relief of Thomas H. Barker and Rankin Eastin, administrator of the estate of William H. Eastin—to the Committee on War Claims.

By Mr. STEENERSON: Petitions of W. T. Spillam and others, of Red Lake Falls; Edward Johnson and others, of Beltrami; J. P. Seim and others, of Flom; and Axel W. Johnson and others, of Newfolden, all in the State of Minnesota, against duty on tea and coffee—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Also, petition of the Crookston (Minn.) Water Works, Power, and Light Company, for reduction of tariff on electric-light carbons—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Also, petition of Noyes Brothers & Cutler, of St. Paul, against free importation of surgical instruments in certain cases—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. TIRRELL: Petition of Groton Grange, No. 7, of Groton, Mass., favoring establishing a national highways commission—to the Committee on Agriculture.

By Mr. TOWNSEND: Petition of residents of Ann Arbor, against converting the Hetch Hetchy Valley of California into a reservoir for the city of San Francisco—to the Committee on the Public Lands.

By Mr. VREELAND: Petition of oil producers of Wellsville and Richburg, both in the State of New York, against any change in tariff on crude oil—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, February 14, 1909.

The House met at 12 o'clock m.

Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., as follows:

Our Father in heaven, we meet here on this sacred day to fulfill a sacred mission. We are come to pay a tribute of love and respect to men who served with distinction their country in the Congress of the United States, than which no greater service, if faithfully and efficiently done, can be rendered to one's country. Teach us how to be true to ourselves, how to be patriots in times of peace, how to be philanthropists, that we may feel bound to contribute something to our neighbor, to the public weal, and to the uplift of humanity; that we may be, indeed, followers of the world's great Exemplar, and departing, leave the world a little better than we found it.

Inspire the men who shall speak here to-day that they may bring out the sterling qualities of their departed colleagues; that they may be an example to those who shall come after them. Comfort us all with the blessed hope of the immortality of the soul, and be especially near to the families who mourn the loss of their dear ones that they may look forward with bright anticipations to a world where sorrows never come, and where they shall dwell together with their loved ones forever. And glory and honor be Thine through Him who revealed the immortality of the soul to the world. Amen.

The Journal of the proceedings of yesterday was read and approved.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LATE HON. WILLIAM H. PARKER, OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. OVERSTREET). The Clerk will report the first special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. MARTIN, by unanimous consent,
House Order No. 18.

Ordered, That there be a session of the House at 12 m. Sunday, February 14, for the delivery of eulogies on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. WILLIAM H. PARKER, late a Member of this House from South Dakota.

Mr. MARTIN. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 563.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. PARKER, late a Member of this House from the State of South Dakota, which occurred at his home in the city of Deadwood, June 26, 1908.

Resolved, That the business of the House is now suspended that opportunity may be given to pay tribute to his memory.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public service, the House at the conclusion of the memorial exercises of the day shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, it is with mingled feelings of sadness and hope that I undertake to pay this final tribute to my deceased friend and colleague in this body. It is with a feeling of sadness because of the loss of a companionship which I prized highly, and the memory of which I sacredly cherish. It is with a feeling of sadness because I realize that in his death his splendid family sustained the loss of a loving and devoted husband and father. It is with a feeling of sadness because by his departure the State of South Dakota lost one of its most honored, respected, and patriotic citizens, one whose bright intellect and sturdy integrity have been interwoven in many ways in the fabric of her laws and social life. It is with a feeling of hope that what has been our loss has been his gain. It is with a feeling of hope because he has departed from this world of sickness, pain, trouble, and sorrow, and has gone to a sphere of existence where these are unknown, where all is brightness and happiness and peace.

We can not approach the subject of death with aught but reverence. It is the great unexplainable mystery. Sages and philosophers for ages have vainly endeavored to discover the source of life and the effect of death. It is the secret which the Omnipotent One has wisely and mercifully withheld from us. But enough has been revealed to us that we may know that life does not end at the grave. As the new-born infant instinctively takes nourishment at the mother's breast, so every human being, though unlearned and uncultured, has within his breast the instinctive feeling of immortality. It has been said that "the gods conceal from men the happiness of death that they may endure life."

I shall allude briefly to some of those principal incidents which, like milestones, mark and indicate our lamented colleague's upright life, his noble character, and his patriotic and active civil and military service. WILLIAM H. PARKER was born May 5, 1847, enlisted in the Union Army May 27, 1861, at Portsmouth, N. H., and was mustered into service, to take effect the same date, as a musician, in Company H, Second New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, to serve three years, and was discharged from the service August 28, 1861, at Bladensburg, Md., being unfit for duty as a drummer.

He was again enrolled September 4, 1862, at Keene, N. H., and was mustered into service September 22, 1862, at Concord, N. H., as a private, Company G, Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, to serve three years. He was transferred some time in January or February, 1864, to Company A, Sixth Regiment Invalid Corps, which organization was afterwards designated Company A, Sixth Regiment U. S. Veteran Reserve Corps. He was mustered out of service, as of that company and regiment, April 28, 1865, at Cincinnati, Ohio, to enable him to accept promotion as second lieutenant in the Sixth U. S. Volunteer Infantry. He was mustered into service April 29, 1865, at Cincinnati, Ohio, as second lieutenant Company C, Sixth U. S. Volunteer Infantry, to serve three years, and was mustered out and honorably discharged the service with the company October 15, 1866, at Fort Kearney, Nebr. He was brevetted first lieutenant of volunteers March 13, 1865, for faithful and meritorious services.

He married Miss Clara E. Thomas, of Washington, D. C., January 27, 1867, the result of the union being 11 children, 8 of whom are living. Graduated from the law department of the Columbian University, Washington, D. C., class of 1868. Was admitted to the bar of the supreme court of the District of Columbia immediately after his graduation. Appointed collector of internal revenue of Colorado Territory by General Grant, President, June 24, 1874. Resigned July, 1876, upon his appointment as assistant United States attorney of Colorado Territory. Was subsequently appointed United States attorney of Colorado. Removed to Deadwood, Dak., July, 1877, where

since said time up to the time of his death he engaged in the practice of his profession. Was elected a member of the constitutional convention of the proposed State of South Dakota June 30, 1885. November 3, 1885, was elected a member of the state senate from Lawrence County, but owing to the fact that South Dakota was not admitted as a State until 1889, he did not serve. Was elected a member of the house of representatives of South Dakota in 1880. Was elected state's attorney of Lawrence County in November, 1902, and reelected in 1904. Was elected to the Sixtieth Congress November, 1906. He departed this life at Deadwood, S. Dak., June 26, 1908. in the sixty-first year of his age.

Colonel PARKER while in this body was a member of the Committee on the Militia and of the Committee on Indian Affairs, and it is somewhat indicative of the generosity of his nature and of his interest in military affairs that of the thirty-odd bills which he introduced in the last session of Congress two-thirds at least were bills either for pensions or otherwise for the relief of worthy and distressed soldiers and the widows of soldiers. His death occurred within a month after he had left Washington, where he had been in faithful attendance upon this House.

I had known Colonel PARKER for upward of twenty years, but became more intimately acquainted with him during the last year of his life. I had known him as an able lawyer, as a member of the constitutional convention, a member of the state legislature, as a worthy and respected citizen of the State. Later, upon closer acquaintance, we became friends. He was one of those friends who was such not only in fair weather, but in foul; not only in times of prosperity, but in times of adversity and of trouble. Unfortunately his continued illness during the last session of this Congress prevented him from becoming intimately acquainted with many of his colleagues. To say that he or any man is without faults would be an exaggeration.

We all have our faults. "To err is human, to forgive divine." His faults, if any, were such as are common to those of his generous nature and amiable disposition, and they were so few and of such minor importance that they were eclipsed by his many virtues as the stars are eclipsed by the noonday sun. He could not see want and distress unrelieved, even to the extent of giving his last dollar. He came always to the relief of the afflicted.

Going to the Territory of Dakota in 1877 and locating at Deadwood, then a mining camp, he was one of those hardy pioneers who materially assisted in building up a splendid Commonwealth. He was one of those who assisted in bringing order out of chaos, in subduing the lawless and turbulent element which is usually found in an early mining camp; and he lived to see it develop into the richest hundred square miles in the world, populated by a law-abiding, peaceful, industrious, and prosperous people. One might inquire why with all this opportunity he did not accumulate great wealth. The answer is very simple. His generous nature and his ever-present desire to assist others would not permit it. In the death of Colonel PARKER the State has sustained a great loss. He took an important part in framing the constitution of that State, a constitution which is generally conceded to be a model.

As a member of the state legislature he was the author of many meritorious bills which became crystallized into the laws of that State. As a lawyer he was noted for his ability as a counselor and as an advocate, as well as for his fidelity to his clients. The reports of the supreme court of the State bear evidence of his legal ability and his success at the bar of that tribunal. The Lawrence County bar, of which he was a respected member, paid a beautiful final tribute to his memory by resolutions adopted by that body. I had the honor to be a member of the committee which attended his burial service, and was impressed, as his body lay in state in the city hall of Deadwood, by the great number of sympathetic friends and neighbors who came to look for the last time upon the face of their departed friend. The ceremonies were conducted under the auspices of his old comrades, the Grand Army of the Republic.

When Colonel PARKER was elected state's attorney of Lawrence County he found that the laws prohibiting gambling and regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors were, as they had been for years, flagrantly violated. In obedience to his duty as he saw it, and with the courage to express and enforce his convictions, he closed the gambling joints and caused their apparatus to be destroyed and compelled the saloon keepers to obey the law. To him the grateful people of his county extended the due meed of praise for having suppressed and cleansed the community of these vices.

Realizing his failing health and evidently with a premonition of death, Colonel PARKER told me a few days before I left Washington for home that he had selected a site in Arlington Cemetery where he desired that he might be buried, and there in that beautiful city of the soldier dead, overlooking the placid and historic waters of the Potomac, now lie the earthly remains of my colleague.

It is only in those homes where the grim destroyer has entered that the full import of death is felt. The cheering voice is silent, the willing, helpful hands are still. The empty chair, the vacant place at the table, are silent but eloquent evidences of him who has gone. To the bereaved ones the sun does not shine as brightly or the birds sing as sweetly as before. The charms and pleasures of life have lost their attractiveness. The one who has gone before is as a magnet that calls them to heavenly thoughts and things. Yet it is not despair, but resignation. He has gone to await their coming and, with that faith in immortality which inspires hope, they know that they will meet again. We may strew his grave with beautiful flowers expressive of our love and esteem, we may here recount his virtues and his services to his country and express our sympathy to the bereaved family, but hope and comfort must come to them from a source infinitely higher than from us poor fallible mortals. I know of no more concrete, hopeful, authoritative assurance than that which is contained in the words of our Savior when he said:

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on Him who sent me shall have everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.

The final summons came to our beloved colleague at an age when the twilight shadows of life were lengthening toward the east, and surrounded by his loved ones to whom he was so devotedly attached, he fearlessly, calmly, and peacefully entered into the great beyond. But let us indulge in the hope of a happy reunion with him and our other friends and dear ones who have gone before in a place where there are no tears and no more partings.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade
When all thy sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in flames the clouds of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

Mr. GRONNA. Mr. Speaker, it is fitting, when one of our number lays down his work and consigns himself to the last sleep, that we pause for a brief moment and pay tribute to his memory. It is well to consider his life, his endeavors, and his achievements, that we may learn from his failures and rejoice in his successes.

We have assembled to-day to honor the memory of WILLIAM H. PARKER, of South Dakota. At the time of his death I had known him but a comparatively short time, but I had learned to regard him with the highest esteem. Born in 1847, he was but 14 years of age when the civil war broke out. He answered the call to arms, however, and gave five years of his early youth in eager, unselfish service to his country. At the end of the war he took up his work in the walks of civil life. He graduated from the law department of what was then the Columbian University in this city in 1868 and was immediately admitted to the bar. He was appointed collector of internal revenue of Colorado by President Grant in 1874, was appointed assistant United States attorney of Colorado in 1876, and was subsequently appointed United States attorney of Colorado. In July, 1877, he moved to Deadwood, Dak., and engaged in the practice of law.

His neighbors, however, soon recognized his abilities and called upon him to take part in public life. He served as a member of the constitutional convention in 1885, served as a member of the South Dakota legislature, as state's attorney of his county, and as a Member of Congress, and in every office that he was called to fill he performed his duties faithfully and did his work well. He had served but a short time in Congress when an all-wise Providence cut his life short, but his previous training in public life stood him in good stead and enabled him to do efficient work from the first. All his associates felt that had he been permitted to serve a few more years, he would have left his mark on much important legislation.

He had a keen intellect, showed marked ability as a lawyer, and was a leader of men. The high devotion to his country that he showed when, as a mere boy, he risked his life in her service was always evident in his performance of all public duties. His genial disposition won him many friends, and there are few

men who go to their graves more sincerely loved and mourned by his associates than WILLIAM H. PARKER. And sincerely regretting his departure, we take leave of him with the words:

His faults write upon the sands; his virtues on the tablets of our memories.

Mr. KEIFER. Mr. Speaker, in earlier days in the Congress of the United States we were in the habit of stopping in the course of our business day's legislation to recount the history and speak of the character and commemorate the memory of our dead. Perhaps it is well now that we take the Sabbath day to come here for a like purpose. I was not, Mr. Speaker, intimately acquainted with the Member from South Dakota, WILLIAM H. PARKER. He came into this Congress after a long life of preparation for the work that confronted him here. I can not speak of his personal achievements in civil life nor of his long and gallant career in the Army of the Union in times of war. I knew his genial character, and I was drawn to him because he was a soldier in the Union Army in the civil war. With a rare exception here and there, he was the youngest of those who went into the civil war to fight for the preservation of the Union. A child (14 years of age), in fact, when he first enlisted in 1861, blossoming with youth and not yet into mature manhood, he went with his regiment and comrades of the State of New Hampshire to the field. Difficulties always arose in such cases with persons so young, and yet he persisted, and with a second enlistment, and so on, to the end of the civil war.

Like some others who showed their military spirit and courage in that war, he became a soldier, or, rather, an officer, in the United States Army without preparation in the military sense or in an educational sense for military duties. He became a natural soldier, and by serving in the field, in campaigns, bivouacking with the soldiers without tents, and in battle he acquired the true inspiration of an officer. His war experience stood at the close of the civil war with him for a graduation at the Military Academy at West Point. At 19 years of age he became a lieutenant in the United States Army. There were few others who went into the Regular Army under like circumstances. The present senior colonel of the Quartermaster's Department of the United States Army was a marked example of a child going into the civil war and from that, with an interval in civil life, to service in the Regular Army, and he now stands as the senior colonel and quartermaster in that great department of the United States Army. I refer to Col. John L. Clem, once known as the "Drummer boy of Chickamauga." But, Mr. Speaker, we are to speak of the dead. We often hesitate and sometimes fail to stop in our daily career to honor the dead, but look forward to the living. I had a peculiar sensation come over me a few months ago when I had climbed to a mountain summit in the Yosemite Park, California, and up to the great Mariposa trees. These trees range in height from 200 to 350 feet, higher perhaps. I looked around at that marvelous growth of nature, and as I rode along I came across a great redwood tree lying prone full length upon the ground.

I looked in amazement and with mingled sorrow and regret at that lone, fallen tree which had stood through the centuries, as it lay amongst its living, standing comrades. But what a curiosity to inspect, to take its measurements in length and diameter, and see what nature had produced there in that wonderful mountain park! My interest centered around this mammoth tree, dead, decayed; but in the providence of things earthly it had fulfilled its mission and though fallen was monarch of all of them.

So we turn to those who have fallen among us here and view what they have been in life and see that they, though dead, still have fulfilled their mission on earth among men.

The last fiscal year showed that of those soldiers of the civil war who drew pensions 23,353 had died. That great, grand army of the Union is to pass away. Nature makes this inevitable. But Mr. PARKER as one of them fulfilled his duty with them and did his full share from childhood to manhood, which came early with him, and aided in accomplishing the greatest thing for civilization and humanity and personal liberty that has ever been accomplished in all the ages.

From the decrees of war, that war from 1861 to 1865, we mark a new era all around the world. We have seen, and we are still seeing, and we shall see, the glories of the things accomplished in our own country, but that does not tell half the tale. The liberty of man has extended to autocratic Russia, to other lands where oppression fell heavily upon the masses; and while we are here to-day, the people in Persia, taking spirit from what occurred here in our civil war, are fighting for civil liberty. And even the Sultan of Turkey is negotiating with the young, spirited Mohammedans and granting them a

share of human liberty. This is all traceable back, in my opinion, to what was accomplished here in this land by the civil war.

I have said enough, Mr. Speaker, to bear my testimony to that highest thing incident to a citizen of our country, to wit, patriotic duty, which inspired our deceased colleague here. In the performance of duty none can stand higher than WILLIAM H. PARKER, whose life and character we commemorate here to-day.

Mr. MARTIN. Mr. Speaker, Col. WILLIAM H. PARKER represented the State of South Dakota as a Member of this House of Representatives only a little more than a year, when he was stricken suddenly and died on the 26th day of last June.

For twenty-eight years we had been residents of the same town and have practiced law before the same courts. In the daily life of the citizen and in the forum of the courts I have had good opportunity to test his quality as a man and public servant. He succeeded me as a Member of this body, and now, by reason of the fatality of death, I am in turn succeeding him. It is not inappropriate, therefore, that I should offer this modest tribute in his memory.

Colonel PARKER had the instincts and bearing of the soldier. The war of the rebellion was on during the years of his young manhood. He enlisted in the Union Army before that struggle had proceeded ninety days, and he was still wearing the blue when the Confederate forces surrendered under General Lee. Indeed, he continued in the Regular Army until the fall of 1866, when he resigned from the service at Kearney, Nebr. The bearing and deportment of the military gentleman remained with him to the end of his life.

The events of the war of the rebellion have long since passed into history. Let us hope that the tremendous issues involved in that mighty struggle may never be lost to the understanding and to the benefit not only of this land of ours, but of universal humanity.

Every student of our Constitution is necessarily struck with the fact, historical as it is, that in at least one particular this great instrument, this charter of liberty of our people, was the result of compromise. It is true that that compromise grew out of a condition—a condition by which much of the labor of the Southern States was performed by slaves; and it is probable—indeed, I think it is generally agreed by historians—that without the making of that compromise our Constitution would not have been formed. That compromise was to the effect that the African slave trade should continue for a period not to exceed twenty years, and that the slave condition in the particular States where it had become established as an institution might continue indefinitely. Those were the provisions placed in that immortal instrument which tended toward slavery rather than universal liberty. It was a yielding of principle to expediency. In the progress of years it became manifest, as was said by the immortal Lincoln, that this land could not permanently endure half slave and half free. Slavery was therefore the irritating cause of the rebellion, but the permanency, the existence, indeed, of the Nation itself, was the rallying call that summoned the loyal men of the North and the South to the defense of the Union.

Colonel PARKER, young man as he was, devoted more years of his life to the protection of that principle of union in this Nation than was accorded to but few patriots. That struggle developed. It cost an infinite amount of treasure. It cost in the neighborhood of a million of young lives, the very flower of the manhood of America; but it was worth all that it cost. As a result, our flag emerged from the smoke of battle to float forever over a Nation every individual of which shall be forever free. The Constitution was purged of its iniquity, and it is now one consistent whole, based upon the principles of universal liberty.

If this Constitution was worthy to be venerated before the civil war, certainly it is now entitled to the love and to the patriotic devotion of the people of our country for all time to come.

Colonel PARKER was a native of New Hampshire, and married in the city of Washington in 1867. He graduated from the law department of the Columbian University, now the George Washington University, in this city in 1868. From that time forth he became identified with the development of the West, and lived continuously in the West, first in Colorado and then in the Territory of Dakota and subsequent State of South Dakota.

It is in his profession as a practicing lawyer that Colonel PARKER is best known, and it is here that he carved out his most eminent career. He was made assistant United States attorney for Colorado Territory by President Grant in 1874, and became

later United States attorney for the State of Colorado. He moved to Deadwood, in the then Territory of Dakota, in 1877, and for the thirty-one years until his death he was in the constant practice of his profession.

He was an eminent and gifted lawyer. By natural talent and education he was well equipped for his profession. An orator of ability, possessing an unerring judgment in discovering the strong points of his case, with consummate skill in the presentation of his cause to the jury, he made a most formidable legal antagonist, particularly in the trial of jury cases. His specialty was criminal law, and for years he was easily the leading criminal lawyer in western Dakota.

Near the close of his life he served two terms as state's attorney for the county in which he lived. He brought to the service of the State and county a proficiency acquired during a long career in the practice of his profession. As public prosecutor he discharged the official duties of his position with an ability and success seldom equaled and never excelled in the administration of the state's attorneyship of his county. It was during his term that a moral movement for the enforcement of the laws against gambling was undertaken and successfully prosecuted. The credit for this is due, in large part, to the courage and ability of Colonel PARKER in the fearless discharge of his duty as prosecuting attorney. The results of that movement have been far-reaching and will be permanent.

The fatal malady which overcame him was upon him for two or three weeks before his death. It was apparent to his friends and to himself that the end was at hand. His courage was unflinching. He responded to the summons of the "grim destroyer" with fortitude and confidence. He approached his grave—

As one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

His body rests in Arlington Cemetery, in appropriate recognition of his long and honorable service in defense of his country and in suggestive nearness to the scenes of his gallant young manhood.

RECESS.

Then, on motion of Mr. MARTIN (at 12 o'clock and 53 minutes p. m.), the House stood in recess until 2 o'clock p. m.

AFTER RECESS.

At 2 o'clock, the recess having expired, the House was called to order by the Speaker pro tempore.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE, OF MARYLAND.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the order adopted in respect to the late WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. GILL, by unanimous consent,

House Order No. 16.

Ordered, That there be a session of the House at 2 p. m. Sunday, February 14, for the delivery of eulogies on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE, late a Member of the United States Senate from Maryland.

Mr. GILL. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 564.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the late Hon. WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE, late a United States Senator from the State of Maryland.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public service, the House at the conclusion of the memorial exercises of the day shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. GILL. Mr. Speaker, we have assembled here to-day to pay tribute to the memory of one of Maryland's noblest sons, the late Senator WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE, of whom it may be said in the words of Byron:

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen son.

His life was like a shining star in the firmament of Maryland's history. It shed the luster of nobility of character and force in every sphere of public and private activity in which this strong and good man entered. Governor WHYTE's influence

for good did not end with his life. Like a comet which in its rush through space leaves a streak of light in its trail, so his life which pulsated with goodness and strength has after its extinction left a beacon for the guidance of those who were not vouchsafed the God-given powers which were his.

In my boyhood days it was my good fortune, as friend of his sons, to be a welcome guest at his old-fashioned home in Baltimore. His hospitality to all who passed his door, and especially to the young, was as warm as it was spontaneous. It was during these visits that I was struck with the extraordinary strength of his devotion to his family and friends. To sacrifice his own comfort for the happiness of those about him was to him a pleasure. It was then also that I observed those marked characteristics which were exemplified in his conduct throughout his long and useful life—his goodness and his strength, and exquisite and most harmonious blending of the finest qualities of heart and head. Strong enough himself to mock at the temptations and the great and petty vices to which big as well as little men easily fall victims, he was yet big-hearted enough and sympathetic enough to look charitably upon the frailties and weaknesses of those who were not blessed with his wonderful self-control and powerful moral and intellectual discipline. He was strong enough to be self-denying in his habits, but he was too human and too broad to permit self-denial and self-sacrifice to degenerate into asceticism. Indeed, few men I know were more sociable than he. And though he was too strong to require the diversion and recreation which most men regard as essential, he was too broad not to recognize why others weaker than himself did need them.

It was not strange, then, that a man whose private life was an exemplification of the noblest attributes of the loving father, the devoted husband, and the faithful friend should have discharged his public duties with the fidelity and the ability that have earned for him the affectionate appellation, "The Grand Old Man of Maryland." At the age when most boys are still at school Governor WHYTE was obliged to begin his career in a countinghouse as a bookkeeper. His work there, though still a lad of 18, showed that thoroughness which in his later career blossomed forth into that masterful faculty to go to the bottom of every difficult problem with which his powerful mind was required to grapple. But the routine and the limitations of the countinghouse life were not compatible with the tastes and the aspirations which this youth had probably inherited from his maternal grandfather, the great William Pinkney. He therefore turned from the trials and tribulations of trade to the more exacting and more exciting life which the law holds out. Governor WHYTE's training as a law student was in most capable hands. But while I do not wish to detract from the credit that may probably be due to those who were intrusted with Governor WHYTE's legal training, I am not inclined to attribute his magnificent career largely to that training.

We must remember that we are dealing with a rare individuality—an individuality which does not suffer itself to be submerged by initial handicaps, nor one that sends its possessor to greater heights because of initial advantages. At the outset of his legal career it was soon recognized that this young lawyer possessed a power of application, a thoroughness of method, a luminousness and strength of intellect that would make him a worthy son of the State that has given us a Wirt, a Pinkney, a Taney, a Nelson, and a Johnson. The promise of his early life was fulfilled by the performance of his later career. In 1847 we see him for the first time in the rôle of public servant, when this young man of 23 served a term in the lower branch of the Maryland legislature. Thereafter, until his death while a Member of the United States Senate, his public services and activities are so wrapped up and interwoven with the annals of our own State that when we read its history we are bound to learn much of this beautifully rounded life. Six years after his election to the legislature we find him as state comptroller, utilizing his experience as an expert accountant in placing that important office upon a basis which, since that time, it has been necessary to change but little.

The admirable system which he established in that office and the excellent manner in which he fulfilled his responsibilities elicited high praise from the legislature of his State. In 1868 we see Governor WHYTE in the United States Senate, the worthy successor of Reverdy Johnson, who was called to other fields of usefulness. With the hand of the master, we see this comparatively young man curbing the bitter feelings and passions of partisanship and upholding the waning influence and dignity of a coordinate branch of the Government. He was fearless enough to enter the lists with such master minds as Wade, Cameron, Sumner, Conkling, Edmunds, Morton, and

Conness, and he was strong enough to carry the day. There he stood, as he had always stood since that time, for the supremacy of constitutional principle against the exaltation of personal and party passion, for the equal dignity and preservation of every coordinate branch of the Government against the usurpations and the arrogance of power by any one of them. This was the first supreme test of his fearlessness and statesmanship, and he measured up to it nobly. Three years after his appointment to the Senate Mr. WHYTE was elected governor of his State, and in 1874 we find him again in the United States Senate. This time he was sent there by a legislature of which I had the honor to be a member for a full term of six years.

After the expiration of his first term we find him declining a reelection to that august body. This refusal of one of the greatest honors which a State can confer upon its worthy son was not prompted by what we could justly consider as a proper motive, the desire to provide for himself that competence to which his magnificent powers entitled and assured him, but because of the illness of his wife. So that when we look at any period of this full and tirelessly active career we find that Governor WHYTE'S energies were stimulated by his devotion to his family and his finely developed sense of responsibility to his fellow-citizens.

There can be no nobler example of this keen sense of responsibility to the public than his public career offers after his retirement from the Senate in 1880. Some men, after having enjoyed the highest favors which a discriminating electorate can bestow, are not content to serve their fellow-citizens in a capacity less exalted than that in which they formerly represented them. We are accustomed to look upon this weakness as one of the foibles of great men. With Governor WHYTE, however, it was not so. In 1881 the exigencies of public life required him to serve as Baltimore's mayor. In 1900 he was called to be its city solicitor. To him the call of his fellow-citizens was the equivalent of a sacred command. And he sanctified those offices, high in themselves but minor in their nature when likened to those which he had formerly filled, with the same nobility of purpose, the same inexorable rectitude, the same high powers that characterized his conduct in the governor's chair and in the national forum at Washington.

Of his splendid successes as a lawyer and an orator it is sufficient to say that he was a noble successor and representative of Maryland's famous line of lawyers. To him the profession of the law was a sacred calling, not a means for enrichment, followed during the intervals in which his manifold public duties did not absorb his attention, for throughout his long and useful life his private interests were subordinated to the requirements of public responsibility. It was therefore a crowning tribute to his worth and a striking manifestation of the gratitude of his fellow-citizens when the governor of his State appointed him to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator Gorman and when the action of the governor was stamped with the people's approval when the legislature of Maryland in 1908 elected him to the same office. An affectionate father, a devoted husband, a faithful friend, a brilliant lawyer, and a fearless and splendid public servant—in short, a strong and a good man—this is what Governor WHYTE was. It is the achievement of men such as he was that inspire the well-known and beautiful strain:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, might take heart again.

Mr. KEIFER. Mr. Speaker, it is fitting and appropriate that the Members of this House, especially of the State of Maryland, should speak of the life and character of WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE, late a Senator from the State of Maryland. I offer no excuse for adding a word of tribute to his memory, although I had no close personal acquaintance with him. I knew his public history, his splendid life history, and that covered a long and successful career. I knew his character and reputation, that which attaches to a man by what we call "word of mouth." That is always truthful, no matter what the public prints may contain with reference to the individual considered.

I have a very warm feeling for the State of Maryland and her people. Almost one hundred years ago (1811) my father started from the heights around Antietam Creek, Maryland, from the then village of Sharpsburg, to the West. He carried with him the plain, simple, sturdy nature that belonged to the people with whom he had lived from birth to a period of about 27 years of

age. I had the honor of commanding for almost two years one of Maryland's most gallant regiments—the Sixth Maryland Volunteers—that fought for the preservation of the Union. These things make me feel as though it was highly appropriate that I should say a word for the distinguished deceased Maryland Senator. In order that there may be no mistake about the description and history of this distinguished man, I now ask the Clerk to read from the Congressional Directory that story of his life and career therein contained, which, though not necessarily written by Senator WHYTE, we all know must have had his approval as to its essential accuracy. It is mere statement or recital and not eulogistic, yet a good, though far from full, summary of his life and career.

The Clerk read as follows:

WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE, Democrat, of Baltimore, was born in Baltimore, Md., August 9, 1824. His grandfather, Dr. John Campbell White, a native of Ireland, and one of the United Irishmen of 1798, came to America in 1800; his maternal grandfather was William Pinkney, of Maryland, who died while United States Senator from that State in 1822; he was educated by M. R. McNally, a distinguished scholar, who had been secretary of the first Napoleon. From 1842 to 1844 he was engaged in mercantile pursuits in the countinghouse of Peabody, Riggs & Co., of Baltimore, of which house George Peabody was the founder; studied law in Baltimore, and finished his legal education at the law school of Harvard University in the class of 1844-45; was admitted to the bar in 1846 and practiced his profession in Baltimore; was judge-advocate of a court-martial at the Naval Academy in 1848. He was a representative of Baltimore City in the legislature of Maryland in 1847 and 1848; was elected comptroller of the treasury of Maryland in 1853, serving until 1855, when he declined a reelection; was a candidate for Congress in 1857 against the Know-Nothings and contested the seat of the sitting Member on account of fraud and violence at the election, and the Committee on Elections reported a resolution declaring the seat vacant, but it was laid on the table by a vote 100 to 105. He was a delegate to the Democratic national convention of 1868, which nominated Horatio Seymour for President; in the same year he was appointed by the governor United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Reverdy Johnson as minister to Great Britain; in 1871 he was elected governor of Maryland for four years, but resigned in 1874 to enable the legislature to elect his successor, on his own election to the United States Senate for a full term from 1875 to March 3, 1881, to succeed William T. Hamilton, as a Democrat. In 1881, on his retirement from the Senate, he was elected mayor of Baltimore, without opposition.

In 1887 he was elected attorney-general of Maryland, serving until 1891. He was appointed by President Harrison a delegate to the congress of South American Republics, but declined on account of professional engagements. During the years 1897 and 1898 he was chairman of a commission, established by the city, to frame a new charter for the city of Baltimore. In 1874, in the boundary dispute between Maryland and Virginia, he appeared by appointment of the governor as counsel for his State before the arbitration board, composed of Judge Jeremiah S. Black; Governor Jenkins, of Georgia; and Senator Beck, of Kentucky. In the same year the degree of LL. D. was conferred on him by the University of Maryland, and subsequently he received a like degree from St. John's College. In 1900 he was appointed city solicitor of Baltimore, which office he resigned in 1903; was appointed June 8, 1906, by the governor of Maryland, United States Senator, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. Arthur Pue Gorman, and took his seat June 11, to serve until the legislature of Maryland shall elect a successor for the unexpired term, ending March 3, 1909.

When the Democratic state convention, on August 8, 1907, adopted the plan of selecting nominees for United States Senators and declared by unanimous resolution that it should be binding on the Democrats elected in any county or district to the next legislature to cast their votes for the candidates for United States Senator who shall have received the greatest number of votes cast at such primary election in such county or district, he announced his candidacy for the balance of the term to succeed himself. He received 66,290 votes at the primary, carrying every county and district in the State without opposition, insuring his election in January, 1908. His term of service will then expire March 3, 1909.

Mr. KEIFER. Mr. Speaker, WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE died a United States Senator March 17, 1908, at the age of almost 84 years. Such a long life is rarely allotted to man; and to live in this Republic for such a period is to have lived through the best and most important period of the world's history. I have often reflected over the matter of the greatness of individual men of the present day compared with that of times gone by. We are apt to minimize our own great men. It was not hard, Mr. Speaker, for a man to be great in barbaric or semibarbaric times, nor yet to be great in the bursting out of civilization in Europe, when it came first out of the forests of Germany and France and from early tribal relations. A great Saxon, or, indeed, a great Roman, always had behind him masses that were of the commonest, illiterate class. When we come to our own period, we find that a great man has to be great among greatness, and when we speak of WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE as a great man of his day and generation, we must remember his ancestry and the great men all around him. He came from a good ancestry, a great ancestry, I can truthfully say, on both his maternal and paternal sides. William Pinkney, a great statesman, lawyer, and early patriot of this country, died while a United States Senator, in 1822, two years before the birth of WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE, his grandson.

WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE grew up among the learned men of his State and country and had to compete with them in mercantile relations, in social relations, in general business rela-

tions, as an attorney and counselor at law and as a statesman, and in all these things he stood with the stronger and greater of them. He succeeded in the United States Senate at one time Reverdy Johnson, a great Marylander, respected and known all over the country as a great patriot-statesman. The statesmen of Maryland of the time of the civil war had their difficulties multiplied somewhat over that of great men and statesmen in some of the Northern States. Maryland was a border slave State, and when the civil war came that was to try the strength of our constitutional unity, they had difficulties to overcome, perhaps prejudices, that did not attach to men of other parts of the United States. These men in the light around them and with the conditions about them did their duty to their country through the civil war and since the civil war, and while I belong and have belonged to a party opposed to the one to which WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE was always attached, I have always had the most profound respect for his character and for the character of his associates in his own State. We are here, then, Mr. Speaker, to-day simply to testify to one of our great statesmen. A Member from Maryland speaks properly of WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE as belonging to the State of Maryland, but he belonged to the Union—to the great American Republic.

Mr. TALBOTT. Mr. Speaker, we are called upon once more to speak of the illustrious dead.

The late Senator WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE was of a most distinguished lineage. His grandfather, William Pinkney, was, in his time, the leader of the American bar. Chief Justice Taney, who had listened to arguments by Luther Martin, Daniel Webster, and the other giants of the time, declared he had never heard Mr. Pinkney's equal; and he was as pre-eminent as a statesman as he was as a lawyer. Senator WHYTE, if he had one ambition, wanted to equal the standard set by his great ancestor, and no one who knew him doubts that he, in a very great degree, realized his ambition, for he was undoubtedly eminently safe as a counselor, one of the most brilliant advocates in his State, and, before a jury, without a peer. The story of his life for its last fifty years is the history of Maryland, and his death closed a great career, which has had few like it in the history of the State he loved and served so well. While many years of his long life were occupied in public office, he was not regarded as an ambitious or self-seeking man, and I personally believe that with the exception of his election as governor and his first election by the legislature to the Senate, the offices he held, in my time at least, came to him because he was worthy of them, and men knew he could be trusted and delighted in honoring him, without effort on his part.

Of his integrity there has never been a suspicion or shadow of doubt, and he discharged the duties of every office to which he was elected or appointed without one adverse criticism. No man ever heard an official act of the late WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE censured. Always correct, always honest, he served the people faithfully. He was singularly free from avarice or greed, and never appeared to consider the profits of an office as worthy of his attention, and it has been most frequently commented upon by those who knew that his legal fees were out of all proportion to the eminent services rendered his clients.

In his private life Senator WHYTE was pure and blameless. As a Christian gentleman he was without reproach, with convictions of the life to come and the truths of his religion, which were ever firm and unshaken. He was charitable beyond his means. Most undoubtedly his last election to the Senate was the cause of the greatest gratification to him. Coming as it did, unanimously, in his old age, it showed that although naturally a man of his character had made enemies and known opposition during certain periods of his long and splendid life, at the end he not only was the best known, but the best loved man in Maryland, which was a fitting crown of a life largely devoted to the public service of his State and country.

His death caused more than a mere passing regret, for he had won a warm and loving place in every Maryland heart, even among those who did not know him personally, and there was among our people a feeling of genuine grief when he passed away.

Mr. GOULDEN. Mr. Speaker, in this day of our witness to the memory of Senator WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE I leave to my colleagues more fortunate in his close personal acquaintance the tributes of intimate and affectionate association. The State of Maryland is doubly dear to my heart as the scene of my earliest recollections and boyhood days and as the field of my activities, as well as the birthplace of many of my ancestors of sacred memory. As a son of Maryland I have taken

pride in the achievements of Senator WHYTE and a delight in helping to honor him. On the several occasions when I called on him for assistance in the passage of bills introduced by me I always found him willing and ready to help.

As a man of high aims and ideals, as a citizen of great legal and statesmanlike attainments and experience, Senator WHYTE was exceptionally distinguished. He was such a man as the citizens of any State might be proud to honor, and in giving him so many marks of their esteem and confidence, my fellow-citizens of Maryland and of the country were reflecting honor on themselves. That they were justified in their choice, that he was tried and never found wanting, the open book of his life and high-honored career amply testifies.

You have heard of the great and stirring events in which he figured. Let me dwell upon what is to me the greatest lesson of his life, the thing for which I revere him most, and which, in my opinion, should be the greatest cause of sorrow at his loss.

By heritage and birth he came to us from our revolutionary fathers, and he was thus a link which bound us to the glorious past; but even more by the cast and bent of his mind he stood for those things which make the glory of the past and the crown of our forefathers; they gave us of their best in giving us the Constitution, and it was for this best that Senator WHYTE stood, and which made him such a strong link and such a representative one between the times of our forefathers and these our days. He was always for the Constitution; for the Constitution as it is, and not as we would make it; his best thought, his deepest and most profound convictions, the essence of his life, were given to the upholding of that instrument, and some of the most noteworthy speeches he uttered were in defense of its integrity and plain intention.

We have fallen upon restless times, and we scarcely know wherein we stand from day to day in the fierce currents of opinion on our representative institutions and the framework of our Government. We are mightily rocked in the sea of interpretations and all but drowned in the torrents of authority. But the steadfastness of Senator WHYTE was as a beacon light in such times, a clear, cold light to give courage and hope of succor. He had infinite faith in the fundamental law and its plain interpretation; faith in the intention of the people to place power only in the hands of their chosen representatives as a bulwark against encroachments from whatsoever source. He withstood the storms of opinion like a mighty oak and defended the rights and liberties of the people, who instinctively trusted and honored him.

Strict constructionist he may have been; conservative and wise we knew him to be; but we wish from our hearts that there were more of him in these fevered days. His loss is a great one to his people and to his State, but a greater to the institutions he so fittingly represented and so eloquently defended. At the passing of such a man I could cry out with David, lamenting over Saul, "How are the mighty fallen!" did I not know that his spirit lives on; that the things he stood for will be the better for his labors; that the true representative government he pleaded for and prayed for will be the more able to outlast the storms beating down from high places.

Because his life meant all this, because he died while serving his people and country in a capacity he loved, and because his lesson and his influence will live on we revere him and give testimony here to-day, from full hearts, of the love we bore him and of the honor and respect in which his memory is held.

RECESS.

Mr. GILL. Mr. Speaker, I move that the House now take a recess until 3 o'clock.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, the House will stand in recess until 3 o'clock.

There was no objection.

Accordingly the House took a recess until 3 o'clock.

AFTER RECESS.

At 3 o'clock, the recess having expired, the House was called to order by the Speaker pro tempore.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, OF INDIANA.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the special order in reference to the late ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK.

The Clerk read as follows:

House Order No. 19.

Ordered, That there be a session of the House at 3 p. m. Sunday, February 14, for the delivery of eulogies on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, late a Member of this House from Indiana.

Mr. CHANEY. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Indiana moves the adoption of the resolutions which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 565.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, late a Member of this House from the State of Indiana.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given to pay tribute to his memory.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public service, the House at the conclusion of the memorial exercises of the day shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. CHANEY.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

At the Republican convention of Indiana last spring ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK was there, as he had been many times in his life, contributing his advice and enthusiasm to the great party to which we belong in preparation for another great campaign. We parted with him in the lobby of the New Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, expecting to meet him in this Chamber in a day or two to resume the duties here, when, instead, a message came on the swift wings of the lightning telling us that "ABE BRICK is dead." Though sudden and stunning the shock to us, what a blow it was to the wife and daughter, who were also waiting contentedly for his return to Washington. They are entitled to our sympathy, and we mourn with them.

In the midst of life we are in death.

But forty-eight years had passed with Mr. BRICK. He was endowed with a physical constitution equal to any of us, so that it might reasonably be expected many more years would be meted out to him. He was an Indian, born under the skies of that great State, and possessed, in a superior degree, that milk of human kindness which true Hoosiers always share. He was richly blessed with a splendid human nature, and he believed in his fellow-men. He was not without his faults, like everybody else, yet he was esteemed for his loyal friendships and his good will to men. A man of entirely holy instincts would not be of the earth earthy, would not be sociable, could not be companionable, and hardly endurable. Perfection is beyond our reach. We love a man who is also touched with our infirmities.

Man hath two attendant angels
Ever waiting at his side;
With him where'er he wanders,
Wheresoe'er his feet abide.

* * * * *
One to warn him if he darkleth,
And rebuke him if he stray;
One to leave him to his nature
And so let him have his way.

The subject of our sketch was christened with an honored name. Abraham Lincoln was the greatest American citizen. His life was full of trials and duties, but he conscientiously served his day and generation. His life exemplified the inspiring hope that—

For every tear there are a thousand smiles;
For every sorrow there are a thousand joys;
For every vicious thought there are a thousand generous impulses;
For every crime there are a thousand heroic deeds;
For every lie there are a thousand truths;
For every error there are a thousand righteous calculations;
For every mistake there are a thousand perfections;
For every sin there are a thousand redemptions;
For every sinner there are a thousand upright men.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK had confidence in the human race. The district which he served so long and so well had faith in him, and recognized his ability, his industry, and his fidelity; and the Congresses in which he served have entered upon their imperishable records "Duty well done."

Mr. BRICK came to Congress a well-equipped lawyer and a man of affairs. He had habits of industry, without which no man ever succeeds. He applied himself with assiduity to the

tasks of statesmanship and established himself in the hearts of his colleagues, where appreciation is never won without merit. He had literary tastes of a high order, and his life was embellished with the inspiration of the pure and beautiful. He was wont to ask the gentle traveler, "Who hast wandered through the world and seen the sweetest flowers blow and brightest gliding rivers, of the fairest land his eyes hath seen?" and to ask the child, "Where nature is most blest and fair?" and to get the answer that "It is where those we love abide. Though that space be small, it is ample above kingdoms; though it be a desert, through it runs the river of Paradise, and there are the enchanted bowers."

The United States was his country, Indiana was his beloved State, and South Bend his honored home. To his country he yielded patriotic devotion; to his State he gave a full measure of service and appreciation; in his home love asserted and maintained its mild dominion. He would not have it asserted that he possessed all the virtues and graces of life, but that his ambitions were honorable, his life creditable, his impulses exalting and not groveling. He always stripped the calendars of the dead December and threw the husk away; and he always looked beyond the phosphor wisp that seeks to comfort only the barren moors of life to the brilliancy of the sun on the highlands a little way ahead. And so it is that men come and go; for a little while they wear the masks of a choice endeavor, then hasten on to the reward their deserts win.

We have but recently closed a century of the world's progress and noted the achievements of civilization. We have just dried our eyes upon the century of Lincoln's birth and eulogized the triumphs of this matchless man of the people. With handkerchiefs to our faces we stand on the floor of the House of Representatives to-day mourning with a stricken family, but with pride in our hearts that another son of Indiana has shed the luster of an honorable service in the high councils of our national life. His achievements were worthy, his life successful.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK was a Republican in our politics. He believed in the doctrine that all men are created equal and equally endowed with inalienable rights. He believed in giving to every man an equal chance in the race of life with every other man. He believed in the schoolhouse and in intelligent liberty. He believed in one and the same law for rich and poor, high and low, white and black. He believed in progress, and hailed every progressive thing. He believed in American ideals, and cherished the hope that each succeeding year should outcivilize the old year. He contributed his humble part in the succession of great achievements while he sojourned here. He honored his country, his State, his neighbors, and he left an honorable name to our common civilization.

We bore his mortal remains to his beloved city, and left him with his friends, whom he loved and who loved him in return.

Peace to his ashes! A page to his memory, a tablet to his worth, a blessing on his household, and hail and farewell!

Adelaide Proctor has touched the real graces in *Per Pacem* and Lucem and fittingly spread the aroma of the life of our deceased friend—

I do not ask, O Lord, that life should always be a pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou shouldst take from me aught of its load.
I do not ask that flowers should always spring beneath my feet.
Too well I know the poison and the sting of things too sweet.

* * * * *
I do not ask that Thou should always shed full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may walk without a fear.
Joy is like restless day, but peace divine like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine through peace to light.

Mr. DIXON. Mr. Speaker, it has ever been the custom of civilized nations to mingle with their sorrow commemoration of the noble qualities of the dead. It is fitting that those who have served their country in public life, and especially those who have died while in that service, should have accorded them some permanent memorial of the personal regard and esteem felt by those who were associated with them and of the events in which they played so large and useful a part. The time-honored and beautiful custom of Congress enables us to turn aside for a brief period from the active and laborious routine of legislation and to give voice to our mingled feelings of sorrow and respect for our late lamented colleague and friend, Hon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK.

Born on May 27, 1860, in St. Joseph County, Ind., where to-day his ashes rest, he knew by experience the hardships and privations of the struggles of an ambitious son of the Middle West. His early education was in the public schools of his native county, and he graduated with honor from the high school of South Bend. With an ambition for a higher and broader education, with the determination to prepare himself

more thoroughly for the active and responsible duties of his chosen profession, he sought the advantages of courses at Cornell, Yale, and Ann Arbor. He graduated from the latter institution and returned to his native county and entered the struggle for a practice in his profession.

Three years later he was elected to the office of prosecuting attorney, and his faithful discharge of its responsible and multifarious duties gave early promise of the capable and conscientious manner in which he performed the duties of the high office which he was later called to fill. His close application to his books, his painstaking attention to details, his fidelity to his clients, his strict integrity and charming personality brought him clients and enabled him to establish a large and lucrative practice. He was skilled in the trial of causes, courteous to his opponents, respectful to the court, and frank and open in his arguments to the jury. With these exceptional qualities, it is not surprising that his services were always in demand in important cases, and he leaves a name that will long be honored by the bar of northern Indiana.

As is usual in our State, the lawyer is called upon to participate in political battles, and Mr. BRICK rendered great service to his party in each campaign. His natural oratorical talent, his trained logical mind, quick in its analysis of public questions, his beautiful diction, his practical illustrations, and his passionate and enthusiastic appeals in behalf of Republican policies and principles made him the leading figure of his party in a district that had for years been the storm center of Indiana politics.

Mr. BRICK was not only a fighter on the firing line, but his advice was sought and followed in the councils of his party, both locally and in the State. In recognition of these qualities, he was nominated and elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress, and continued an uninterrupted service for nearly ten years, the longest period served by any Representative from his district.

His constituency looked with favor upon his ability and faithfulness, and loyally gave him their support each time he sought reelection. As a Member of this House, he was placed upon important and responsible committees, and served with distinction on the Committee on Territories, on Naval Affairs, and later upon the Appropriations. Everyone familiar with the business of this branch of Congress knows that these committees have to deal with the most comprehensive and intricate subjects of legislation, and exact of their membership the strictest application and industry. To these duties Mr. BRICK contributed his talents with unwavering fidelity. He shrank from no sacrifices, and never hesitated to give his time and mind to the labor of these committees. He sought no public display of the result of this work, and was always modest and unpretending in his intercourse with his fellow-Members. He but seldom took part in the debates on the floor, not because he was not equipped with knowledge of the subject and able to present his views with vigor and effect, but rather because he was diffident and retiring by nature, and of a demeanor and temperament which induced him to refrain from lifting his voice in debate and to exert his influence and impress his ideas in the committee room, where in fact all important, and particularly constructive, legislation is in reality framed. The services rendered by a Member of this House to his constituency and the country are not measured by the number of bills he introduces, nor in any sense determined by the speeches he delivers. The greatest and most lasting results are accomplished by earnest efforts in the committee, where learning, ability, and devotion to the best interests of the country, such as possessed by our departed friend, have their best opportunity to mold legislation and permanently to leave their impress upon the destinies of the Republic.

While it was through politics that Mr. BRICK secured his advancement and preferment, nevertheless, he was a politician in the highest and broadest sense of that term. "A politician" does not mean in its proper sense one whose aims and ambitions are solely selfish and who seeks only his own advancement without regard to means or methods employed, but rather one who has an intense interest in governmental affairs, fixed ideas as to policies and principles, ability to command the respect and win the confidence of men, and who seeks place and power in the hope that he can be of larger service to his fellow-men. With no other thought than the public good, no other ambition than the faithful performance of his duty, the politician is merged into the statesman, and such a politician and such a statesman was ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK.

It is impossible to state in formal phrase the many noble qualities that made up his splendid manhood, kindness, generosity, a loving disposition and an engaging personality. He had no malice in his heart toward any man, no envy in his

thoughts, no treason in his dealings with his fellow-men. He was happy when helping others, and he had an unfailing charity toward all.

I was a member of the congressional committee appointed to attend the funeral of our late colleague, and I witnessed the solemn and impressive ceremonies with which his body was laid to rest. I noted the sincere grief felt by the people of his district over his death. Factories were closed, business was suspended, schools were dismissed, and the streets were for squares thronged with those who sought to pay their last tribute to their departed fellow-citizen. Persons of all ranks and classes jostled elbows in that crowd, and mingled the expressions of heartfelt sorrow that each felt in his death and their admiration and love for his splendid character.

The people of his city had honored him in life, and they did not fail in his death to breathe the tenderest sentiments of affection and sympathy over his remains. No matter what the memorial shaft chosen to mark his grave may be, no matter how long it endures the elements and mutely stands bearing testimony of the departed, longer still shall his memory be cherished and shall the spirit of the man that was and the good he wrought live in the hearts of the people whom he served. In the words of Tacitus—

Whatever we have loved in Agricola, whatever we admired in him, remains and shall remain in the minds of men, in the duration of the ages, and the renown of great events.

The last word is said. Human hands can do no more; human sympathy can share but never still the pangs of broken hearts.

I append portions of the beautiful tribute to Mr. BRICK delivered by the Rev. Henry Webb Johnson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of his home city, who was his lifelong friend and neighbor:

TEXT.—Seest thou a man diligent in business? he shall stand before kings. (Proverbs, xxiii: 29.)

I said to a friend a moment ago that I could hardly realize that our friend is gone. The letter that I hold in my hand, received from him a few days ago, makes it difficult for me to realize that he is not with us. When he wrote it he was in the prime and splendor of his powers. A deep shadow is upon our city. A life work is done. While the years of our fellow-citizen have not been many his labors have been multiform. We are never to measure a life by its years, but by the noble deeds performed. Achievements measure the value of a life.

Behind the success of our fellow-citizen there were years of preparation. He was born under the sky of our county. Many here to-day have watched his movements and marked his progress from his very cradle. In the early years there was born in his heart an ambition to make something of himself. He thirsted for knowledge. To acquire an education he was willing to cross every rough sea and to climb every lofty height. The great statesman after whom he was named on his way from the log cabin to the White House never worked harder for an education than did Mr. BRICK, our fellow-citizen and friend. He was endowed with large natural gifts, but he well knew that the most royal talent must have discipline and culture. Our Angelos who chisel our marble, our Raphaels who paint our pictures, our Shakespeares who write our poetry, our orators who speak for us in the name of liberty must toil long and patiently. Without diligence our feet shall never stand in the presence of kings.

He possessed in a high degree the literary instinct, and wielded a graceful pen. His was a brilliant imagination, and he was a poet in temperament. He drank of the wells of a Byron and of a Burns and of a Charles Lamb. Charles Lamb appealed to him most strongly. His crumbs were better than some men's whole loaves. The fact that Charles Lamb cared so patiently for his invalid sister clothed his essays and poems with new charms for Mr. BRICK. In conversation once with my friend, I told him an incident that was associated with Mr. Lamb that affected him deeply. Poets, orators, artists, and authors were once dining with Mr. Lamb. As the conversation flagged one of them said, "What would you do, Mr. Lamb, if William Shakespeare were to step into our presence?" He replied, "I would stand to my feet and exclaim, 'All hail, thou greatest of poets!'" "But what would you do if the Christ of the New Testament should come into this room?" He replied, "Of course, I should receive Him upon my knees."

When he had achieved an honorable fame among the great men of the Nation, then did he stand before kings. There are real kings who do not wear crowns and waive scepters and live in palaces. The words "Seest thou a man diligent in business? he shall stand before kings," are fulfilled when we stand in the presence of true greatness.

But what a friend was he. What a patriot. How loyal to the friends he loved. Warm in his sympathies, appreciative of the smallest kindness. A gentleman in his instincts. He had his faults, but his good qualities overbalanced his bad qualities. We shall miss his genial personality and his manly presence. We are all glad that we have known him. What a spontaneous tribute to his memory do we see here to-day. His distinguished associates in Congress are here to pay the final tribute of their affection and appreciation. With thousands of fellow-citizens I passed through the court-house yesterday, where his body lay in state. Every man, woman, and child was sympathetic. I was impressed with the beautiful flags that made the very air throb with patriotism. Let us clothe him with the flag of his country, which he loved, to which he was so true, and for which he would have died, and let us weave another flag, the flag of charity, out of our heart's best affection, and throw its folds around him. With these two flags let him rest.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Mr. ALEXANDER of New York. Mr. Speaker, in the few minutes allotted me I shall speak of Mr. BRICK, not as a Representative, although I regarded him one of the ablest Members in

this House; nor as a lawyer who came here with a reputation second to none in the section of Indiana where he resided; nor as an affectionate husband and devoted father whose life seemed wrapped up in the daughter of whose mental gifts he was so justly proud; nor as the friend of his constituents, whose respect, shown to his memory by crowded streets and a thronged procession on the funeral day, indicated that they, among whom he was born, understood the rare qualities of his head and heart.

But I shall speak of him rather as one whom I knew with something of the intimacy that one mind knows another after each, with absolute candor, has exposed its inmost thoughts. For six or seven years *ABE* and I lived at the same hotel. Many evenings were we together. Before an open, crackling wood fire, comfortably seated in rocking chairs, with the blue smoke of our cigars curling and circling about us, we talked of men, of books, of nature, and of eternity. He was a lover of the best literature. His tranquil and pretty home in South Bend, with its large and carefully selected library, showed that he wrought in the pure literary spirit.

A delicate and an acute critic of style, his discussion of it vividly illustrated by recitals that seemed to blend them with his own words, made an hour as enjoyable as the talk of George William Curtis in the old "Easy Chair" of Harper's Weekly. An index to his taste is found in the scrapbook, which he guarded with the jealous care that a Lasso protects his holy city, and which is a storehouse of thoughts that can never die. Poetry, art, letters, the higher politics, take their place freely and naturally beside philosophy, morals, and history, but in it are pasted only the selections that show careful and conscientious work, critical discrimination, and the dainty form that culture gives to written words. No one can turn the pages of this rare book without recognizing scrupulous attention to a very high standard. It revealed his mental appetite, his aspirations, the thoroughness of his training, and the constancy of his moral impulse. Judged by its standards, and by the unfailing self-respect that characterized his thoughts in heart-to-heart conversations, he was as anxious to be right as he was determined in what he had decided to be right.

His personality counted for much. He was of a singularly simple and consistent nature, sincere and kind, and sensitively sympathetic. Free from bitterness, without varying moods, and nursing neither prejudices nor resentments, one felt in intercourse with him only the substance and reality of companionship.

Those who entered his inner life felt the charm of an open mind, vigorous and sane, which loved to analyze men of achievement, getting at the spring from which they drank, finding the secret of their strength, and tracing in the mastery of their work the influence of obstacles which they encountered. He was an optimist as well as an idealist. That is to say, he believed in the best, declaring that it was imperative always to pursue it and possible ultimately to attain it. This could be gathered from the range of his subjects disclosed in the scrapbook, as well as from his talk, illustrated with the aid of a memory as sound as it was ready, showing his wide reading and the ease with which his mind assimilated and made it his own.

Mr. BRICK liked nature. He took his rooms on the west side of the hotel that he might have a glimpse of McPherson Park, a miniature mixture of the choicest trees, the tenderest shrubs, and the most delicate flowers in Washington. He loved to be alone in the country. The trees were company enough. A little pond with its tiny ripples, a babbling brook, the ever-changing clouds floating above him, or the cattle on a distant hill bathed in the sunlight satisfied him. He once told me of a visit to Atlantic City, where he did nothing for a week but look out upon the ocean and watch the waves chase each other to the shore. He was particularly susceptible to a sunset. He loved the twilight, the tinkle of the bell upon the returning herd, and the shadowy outline of a church thrusting its steeple above the fresh foliage. At such moments he was in imagination at Stoke Pogis, and the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy* came involuntarily to his lips. But he also enjoyed the wild.

The low threatening cloud, the raging storm, the wild swaying of the trees, and the downpour of the rain held him by the hour at the window as in a trance. He easily yielded to the influence of untamed nature, which requires supreme effort to know. He had seen little or nothing of it himself. Our mid-night climb a year ago last summer to the summit of Haleakala, on one of the Hawaiian Islands, was the most adventurous event of his life, he said; but his love for the wild took him in thought among mountain peaks where only the eagle lives, through Alaskan winters and their strenuous conditions, and

with Rudyard Kipling into the attractive life of the jungle. The *Call of the Wild* interested him because it harked back to the original in nature, showing in animals, perhaps, the inherent governing qualities that dominate men when isolated from the ripening and refining influences that make for civilization and peace. To him *White Fangs*, representing the wild in its evolution, likewise appealed. The cruel pictures did not please, nor the impossible feats of strength, but the wild, strange life, thrust into sight like an upheaval of ice churned and stiffened into fantastic shapes, riveted his thought upon the war that goes on among the survival of nature's fittest.

He might be called a "gentle Elia;" yet he was not wholly content with literature as a mere source of enjoyment. His deepest pleasure was in its substance and in the inspiration it breathed into his life. Nor was he wholly satisfied with the exquisite and truthful nature pictures of John Burroughs. His mind was essentially vigorous, and of a fiber as firm as it was fine. He enjoyed a contest at the bar, on the hustings, and in this House. He could easily have become a reformer. It is doubtful, however, if one possessing the variety of his intellectual sympathies could have become an agitator, with its narrowness and monotony.

Others have spoken of his gifts of speech, and surprise was sometimes expressed that he did not oftener address this House. In the first years of his service, before attachment to one of the great committees, his voice was frequently heard in debate, but he gradually yielded to the rule governing most Members who work upon important committees, of speaking only when measures are before the House which come from their committees or about which they are especially informed. Such Members do not fill the Record. It is easy to criticize an item in a supply bill the purpose of which lies upon the surface and opposition to which requires neither research nor special information. Such debate did not interest Mr. BRICK. He held himself in reserve to aid only when help was needed to enlighten, and then he presented the information and argument learned by hard work in the committee room. He was at once free and measured. He had rare skill in the presentation of facts, and if at times caustic, he was never noisy, nor unfair, nor conceited.

It is needless to say that he was not sectarian. Neither was there any taint in his mind of narrowness or bigotry. He believed in God and in the survival of personality after death. He cared little for later-day psychical research and its spiritistic theories, but he had an abiding faith that the spirits of just men live on, striving to attain the best and not unmindful of those who are soon to follow them. He believed, with the poet, that—

They see the face of God, and know at last
The thing they sought,
But could not find, in this gray light of time;
They tread with holy feet that far-off clime,
They live with God.

And we who follow them are not forgot;
They know our life;
The memory of years once lived upon these lands,
Where we still toil with weary feet and hands,
Is sacred still.

(The Faces of our Dead, by Pascal Harrower. The Outlook, April 18, 1908.)

Mr. LLOYD. Mr. Speaker, when it is least expected many times the final summons to meet the enemy of life is heard. The person in whose memory we meet presented a case directly in point. A few days before he breathed his last he was apparently in splendid health, but the vital spark went out and left the body cold in death.

He was in middle age—in the prime of life. He had much to encourage him to live, but no allurements of life could withstand the forces which held him in their fatal grasp.

Mr. BRICK had always lived in St. Joseph County, Ind. He came up through its schools in his preparatory work and later attended Cornell and Yale universities, and graduated in law at Ann Arbor, Mich., in 1883. He at once began the practice of law in his home town, South Bend. He was prosecuting attorney of the counties of La Porte and St. Joseph, and had been in Congress about nine years prior to his death. I knew him during his stay in Congress and served on the Committee on Territories with him.

Mr. BRICK was a man of good ability and strict integrity. What he undertook to do he did well. If one will examine the bill to give a delegate in this body to the district of Alaska, which was favorably reported, he will find a strong and forceful presentation of the rights of the Alaskans and in favor of the passage of the bill. It will give something of insight to the

caution which swayed him, and the painstaking investigation made about a matter which he nor his constituents had any personal concern. He was partisan in politics, but patriotic always. When the proposition was before Congress for the admission of Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona to statehood as two States, I remember, in conversation with him as to the merits of the bill, he remarked: "I always follow my party on a matter of policy."

His name indicates a parental appreciation of one of the greatest characters in American history—Abraham Lincoln. With him as their ideal, it is safe to assume that they were loyal, devoted citizens in full accord with the sentiments which dominated the life of him whose name shines forth as a great beacon, preeminently more striking than the average of the heroes and sages of this Republic.

Mr. BRICK was cautious and methodical, honest and truthful. His integrity was never questioned in any particular, so far as I have information. He had some frailties amongst his many virtues, it may be, but if so, let him who has no faults, condemn. His life shines out with the greater luster the more you study it. He was most appreciated by those who know him best. Never offensive, always affable and pleasant, his association tended to good cheer and his counsel to better living. He was devoted to his wife and child. A few days before his departure, he told me how rejoiced he was at his daughter's success in school, and expressed the thought that he was living now for his child and her mother. What higher purpose could prompt a man! What love more sacred—what relation more dear! The wife who gives up all to accept the lot and share the fate of man, and the child which comes into the home to share the joint affection; it becomes the truest bond of union; the strongest incentive for unusual endeavor; and the cause of the exhibition of that which is noblest and best in man. Mr. BRICK lives in the memory of men, but nowhere more constantly than in the lives of the wife and daughter left behind. Man may philosophize about the hereafter and its desirability, but no stronger reason can be given than that the afflicted family circle may be reunited. In times of distress and grief there is no sweeter thought than that separation shall cease and that perpetual reunion shall follow the resurrection morn.

To his colleagues on this floor, for whom he had an abiding friendship and personal interest, his taking was a serious loss. These may each say, "My friend has gone." What monument more enduring than friendship; what examples more enchanting than the exhibition of genuine friendship? David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, are noted illustrations of the strength of the cord which binds men in sympathetic and unselfish interest, but thousands of such characters may be found in the world. Mr. BRICK was true to his friends and consecrated to their welfare. I remember well a little incident which exhibits what I believe was his freedom from selfishness. On separating a few years ago I had a slight throat affection, which resulted in constant hoarseness. He said, "If you will permit me, I can send you the medicine which will overcome your trouble," and explained what it was. He said he would send me some of it when he went home. I thanked him, and thought no more about it. In a day or two after I reached Missouri I received the remedy which he believed would relieve. This little incident, like so many in Holy Writ, helps to point out the real elements of genuine character which, carried to the extreme, would cause the man to die for his friend.

No man could have seen the unusual demonstrations of affection in South Bend on the day of his burial—the holiday from business, the unusual large concourse of people who sought to pay their respect to the dead, with the streets lined with people for miles, and the occasional outburst in audible tones, "Brick was a good fellow," "I loved Abe," "He was one of my best friends;" in fact, the repeated evidence of real affliction and grief on every hand—without realizing that a good man had been called away to that place from whence no man returns.

In the death of Mr. BRICK many lessons are found for the surviving. In the life of Mr. BRICK was much that was worthy of our emulation. Your friend and mine has gone, but is not forgotten. His work for his country was patriotic and helpful. His constituents were the beneficiaries of his best endeavors; his town was a source of pride. Mr. BRICK rejoiced in the loyalty of his friends, but he was best of all within the home, which I believe is the real test of genuine manhood. The family unit is the hope of the Republic, the perpetuity of family ties, the enduring monument which man builds for country, the homage and devotion to the inmates who are there to bless, is the touchstone which separates the genuine from the false, and the love of wife and child is the culmination of the highest and noblest that can assert itself in human life.

Mr. HOLLIDAY. Mr. Speaker, I desire to place a few wreaths upon the tomb of a man whom I loved well. While I endorse everything said in regard to his ability as a statesman, so well and ably stated by my colleagues, my mind to-day does not dwell upon that part of his career. I rather prefer to think of our warm personal friendship. When I first came to Congress he had already obtained a considerable influence in this body. I remember the greeting that he gave me and I remember how thoroughly I appreciated it. I came here thoroughly conscious of my limitations, diffident, morbidly sensitive, and it would have taken but little on the part of my colleagues who were here to have made me miserable. I am glad to be able to say without a single exception they gave me a warm and cordial welcome, and undertook to help me in every way possible to become a useful Member of this body, and to none other am I indebted more greatly than to our deceased comrade. Like my distinguished friend from New York I love to think of him as a student and a reader of literature. He drank deeply of the well of English, pure and undefiled; from Spenser to Tennyson he was familiar with the British poets, and was master of their subtlest thoughts and sweetest expressions.

I loved to get within the cloakroom, or at his hotel, or anywhere we could meet, and have him recite and review his favorite poets. Never a Shakespearean scholar myself, I got my best conceptions of the work of the great dramatist by the interpretation placed upon them by Mr. BRICK. And with the renaissance of literature, which came to the American writers with Emerson, and Lowell, and Whittier, and Longfellow, and the great men who have embellished the history of literature of this country, he was also equally familiar. And it was not merely in a general way. He was not omnivorous in his reading; it was not mere academic reading. He would assimilate what he read. He was able to gather up the thoughts of the poets and he was able to give them expression. He was a personal friend of Lew Wallace, George Ade, James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, and the other men who have contributed so much to bring a literary distinction to our own great Commonwealth. He knew them, recognized them, and, like every other Indian, was proud of what they had brought of fame to our State. I remember a curious coincidence that when my friend from New York and myself were returning from Mr. BRICK's funeral our thoughts naturally turned toward him, having just seen him placed in his coffin, and we talked, not of his work, not of his law practice, not of his duties in this House, but we talked of his books.

It seems so natural, in thinking of Mr. BRICK, to think of the authors that he loved, whose beauties he had selected, whose sweetness he had culled, whose glories he had cultivated. He had the poetical instinct without the poetical faculty. He breathed the very aroma of the highest literature of this land and of all other lands. There is something good about that kind of a man. You never saw a thoroughly bad man who loved the great classics of English literature.

He had his weaknesses, and it seems to be a strange fatality that the minds most finely attuned sometimes the most readily yield to extraneous influences. But he had a delicate mind, had a spiritual soul, and if he was not always able to keep himself keyed up to the highest ideals of which he dreamed and for which he wrought, let us forget it. He loved his books; he loved nature. He was a devoted husband, he was a devoted father, and he was an excellent citizen.

Mr. BRICK was many years my junior. Owing to our warm friendship, owing to our close and constant intimacy and companionship, I believed that some day he would attend my funeral. I never dreamed I would attend his.

But men come and men go, and these things bring to us more closely the awful certainty of death. And in the presence of that great shadow how little our bickerings, how little our disputes, how futile our ambitions are! It comes with still greater force to those of us who have climbed to the summit of life and feel ourselves rapidly going down on the other side. Young men in the prime of life and usefulness have gone from this body since I have been here and some of we old men still remain.

But, after all, a real manly man never lives in vain, no matter where he is placed. The fact that Mr. BRICK was a Member of Congress was a mere incident. He led men because God had made him a natural-born leader of men. He went to the front because his place was at the front. He would have gone to the front in any occupation or any station in life.

Let us forget his imperfections and weaknesses. Let us emulate his virtues and his good qualities, and let us rest in

supreme confidence upon that God in which he believed, because, after all, in the face of the mighty leveler there is only one consolation, and that is the trust in the divine and overruling Providence.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His loving care.

Mr. CRUMPACKER. Mr. Speaker, Hon. ABRAHAM L. BRICK was my intimate personal friend for more than twenty years, and I would be remiss in my obligation to that friendship if I did not add a word of tribute to his life and character on this memorial occasion.

Before either of us became a Member of this body we were frequently associated together, and occasionally opposed to each other in the trial of cases in the courts of Indiana. He was an able lawyer, a strong advocate, and his professional career reflected the highest and best ideals in the administration of justice. While he had no sympathy with unfair or dishonest methods in the practice of law, he was a master in marshaling facts, in persuasive and convincing argument, and in the subtle strategy of the forum. He translated his high conception of the ethics of his profession into worthy acts and noble deeds. His temperament was peculiarly artistic, his nature was noble and refined. He was familiar with the world's master works of literature and art; he loved everything that tended to elevate thought and refine feeling. His ripe scholarship, his broad culture, his dignified reserve were not mere embellishments, but were powerful weapons in his moral and intellectual armory in waging conflict in the cause of justice and righteousness.

His manner was always gentle and his heart was kind and tender. Generosity of spirit and sympathy for the unfortunate were conspicuous qualities of his nature. He was modest in pretension, but ample in power of execution. His purpose was to live broadly and deeply, and to dwell in perfect harmony with the laws of nature and of man. His ambition was to make the highest and best use of the talents committed to his keeping, and to contribute to the world more than he received from it.

He entered public life, not for honor or emolument, but because it afforded a broader field for the exercise of his faculties and increased his opportunities to promote the interests of the social body. He was an industrious, conscientious Member of this assembly, doing his work largely in the committee room, where legislation is really initiated and fashioned and where real statesmen wield their greatest influence in making laws. His passion was love of country, and he enjoyed the work of investigating public questions and shaping laws and policies to advance its welfare. His religion was love of mankind, and his creed was embodied in the words of Abou Ben Adhem:

I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.

He died in the prime of a useful life, with the sun of his hopes and aspirations at its zenith. His career was a credit to his State and Nation, his death a distinctive loss to both.

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK died at the age of 48 years, in the fullness of his mental powers, mourned by the people of his State and district.

On the day on which his body was carried to the tomb the whole population of the city where he had lived and worked and struggled upward stood along the line of the procession with heads bowed in sorrow.

It was a day in spring, when a trembling heat had begun to shimmer in the sunlight across green fields and a smell of new grass was in the air.

It was one of those days when a man seeing the renaissance of the world about him wishes there might also be a renaissance for mankind.

This yearly renewal of life was mysterious to primitive man, and the mystery and the wonder of it have not ceased to civilize man.

For centuries philosophers have philosophized and scientists have speculated concerning the origin of life, but it has always baffled them.

No life has ever been found to originate itself.

Who, then, sowed life upon this planet and who fitted it for the development of life and the evolution of reason, the crown of life?

It may have come by chance, but it is easier to believe that an orderly universe is the result of an orderly Intelligence than it is to believe that an orderly universe is the result of chance.

To suppose, then, that the Power that set this planet spinning

in space as one of many planets in one of many solar systems moving through space subject to law;

To suppose that the Power that sowed life upon this planet and fitted it for the evolution of reason;

To suppose that the Power that created finite reason and therefore must be infinite reason;

To suppose that such a Power, infinitely wise, infinitely reasoning, would create reasoning beings, with thoughts, hopes, and aspirations caught from the Infinite only to make them the sport of circumstance for a little time and then to let them "lie in cold obstruction and to rot" in the grave, is to suppose a Power of infinite cruelty.

Plato taught long ago that the human soul neither begins nor ends.

But whether human life here is a beginning or whether "birth is but a forgetting" of some previous existence, men—groping for knowledge, searching the Book of Life and finding that nothing is lost in nature's infinite mutations—have come to believe, what for centuries was only a hope, that death is only a transition, and that life here is only a phase of continuing existence.

Thousands of years ago Job propounded the question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" and years afterwards Paul, the apostle, made answer: "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

And it came to pass that on a Sunday morning long ago, the third day after the crucifixion, two women on their way to the Savior's tomb were wondering who should "roll away the stone from the door of the sepulcher" for them, but "as they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away." When that stone was rolled away it opened an avenue upward for the hope of all mankind. Therefore—

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends;
* * * what the women lave,
For its last bed in the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting.

I had talked these things over with BRICK many times, the last time on a train as we were crossing a vast sweep of arid plain on our way west, and if he could hear me still groping about these problems which he has solved, I fancy he would smile a little.

He had thought much not only concerning this "unending, endless quest" for immortality, but he had read widely and studied deeply in many directions.

He was learned in the law, and in the practice of his profession realized Bacon's idea that every man is "a debtor to his profession; that as from it he derives profit and consequence, so he should endeavor to make amends by being to it a helper and an ornament."

I always liked BRICK because he was modest and genuine and was not always advertising without regard to his ability to fill the bill.

So far as history will take account of us, we are most of us mere items in the census list, notwithstanding the efforts of a certain kind of flamboyant mediocrity to make itself conspicuous by press-agent publicity.

I think hard work inspired by devotion to principle will win in the long run, but it does not get its pay every Saturday night.

And when work is being over its task it not infrequently hears a loud noise and, turning around, discovers that some other kind of genius has won.

There is no pursuit in the world where the talent of the faker get quicker results than in politics, but, on the other hand, there is no place where a sham shrinks to its true value more quickly than in a responsible political position.

BRICK was the kind of man who would not resort to the craft of the political advertiser while alive, and now that he is dead he would not want us to exaggerate his virtues.

The truth is enough. He was a brave, honest, truthful, genuine man.

Mr. GILHAMS. Mr. Speaker, whatever may be life's pathway, each of us must meet the last milestone. Time flies and the world moves on, but meet it we must. The solemnity of this hour is coupled with the thought of those who have met the last milestone, among whom is my friend and colleague, ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK.

Of his early life I am not able to speak, as I never came in contact with the people of the community in which he lived or had opportunity to learn it from him. It had not been my pleasure to know him prior to my service in Congress, but I had known of him through his many friends.

Wherever he had gone in the practice of his profession he was held in high esteem and warm remembrance by all. It was his inborn characteristic and good fortune to at once gain the respect, admiration, and love of all with whom he came in contact. He was always spoken of in the highest terms for his ability and integrity as a lawyer while actively engaged in the practice of his profession in his own and the thirty-fourth judicial circuits of Indiana. Everywhere he received the highest encomiums, and was early recognized among the practitioners of the bar to be an excellent lawyer and an able advocate.

He was genial, kind, and loving; full of warmth for everyone; appreciative of the kindly spirit that was manifested toward him from time to time, with a keen sense of integrity, honor, and justice, and a generous appreciation of his fellow-men. He was earnest, honest, and capable, and sincerely desirous of serving his constituents well; of unusual capacity for preparation and to do well that which he undertook to do. He was always easy of approach and never in the slightest degree exclusive, and held himself at all times on a par with the humblest of his constituents, with whom he met from day to day.

Because of these qualities he early gained recognition. Nature, in its kindness, had endowed him with excellent capabilities, and early age found him climbing the ladder of success.

His tastes were distinctly intellectual. He was an extraordinary student of literature, and he was unusually responsive to the flashlights of the historian and the voice of the poet. His power to analyze the thought of an author and to turn it to his own use was always noticeable in all his work. He was not a seeker of notoriety. He was not sensational, but was always modest and unassuming, and was content with doing his duty each day in a manner which he believed would assist the people. He had a keen sense of humor and ready wit, and was, all in all, a generous, noble fellow.

Simplicity of character remained with him whom we commemorate to-day. He was born of common parents, whose lineage was of the common people, and to the common people he was constantly drawn, and never held a spirit of exaltation above them. To him it was a pleasure to serve, and his constituents, however humble, found an obliging and ready helper.

To know ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK was to feel the warmth of a noble and generous heart and enjoy the pleasure of his personal charm. He was as a brother to those who were fortunate in knowing him—broad in fellowship and deep in love and sympathy for all. Nothing could have proclaimed more surely and emphatically the high regard and affection of his people than did the action of his home city and district in the filial welcome of his mortal remains and the loving affection and tearful burial of all that was earthly of their fellow-townsmen and foremost citizen.

In everyone we find characteristics which mark the true and noble impulses. They are the sentinels which proclaim the man to his friends, the community, and, perchance, to all the world. They speak for quality, as nobility, justice, truth, love, and gentleness. These are some of the attributes that were strongly marked in our friend and colleague, ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, and which endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. How often do we find those whom the populace has raised to conspicuous position exhibit qualities that are ignoble, ostentatious, and vainglorious; but it was not so with our colleague and friend, who wore the honors well.

From my observation of him on the floor of the House, I would judge he was not given to much speaking; but when called upon to defend his constituency, or in defense of his position upon questions before the House, he was clear, able, and forceful, speaking with earnestness and feeling.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK was fortunate in the representation of a district composed of a sturdy, rugged, and industrious people, of fine moral integrity and intellectual attainments, out of which has come some of the strongest and ablest men of the State; a district that has always been a great force in the State's affairs, producing some of the ablest men in its history; men who have not followed, but have led in the work of both State and Nation in the fields of legal jurisprudence, agriculture, and manufacture.

To be chosen as the Representative of such a district is indicative of the ability and character of the man. Character is that silent, unseen force always felt and known of all men. It is always preceding us, proclaiming our virtues and our possibilities. It is the silent messenger, standing at the door of opportunity and proclaiming our rights to enter. 'Tis the conqueror of adversity and, although it might be outgeneraled for a day, its power of recuperation is marvelous, and success is attained at last.

It has been well said by a philosopher in years past, that:
Rashly, nor oftentimes truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother;
For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth the reasons of the mind.
And the world is not wiser than of old, when justice was meted by the sword,
When the spear avenged the wrong, and the lot decided the right,
When the footsteps of blinded innocence were tracked by burning plowshares,
And the still condemning water delivered up the wizard to the stake:
For we wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the end will be,
Fixing the right or the wrong by the issues of failure or success.
Judge not of things by their events; neither of character by providence;
And count not a man more evil, because he is more unfortunate:
For the blessings of a better covenant lie not in the sunshine of prosperity.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK has passed over to the other side into the great unknown, but toward which all mankind has looked forward with contemplative eye, hoping that he might catch a vision, and thereby obtain a clearer perception of eternal destiny, and so we will continue to believe and hope that "death did not come to our colleague bearing in his hand the sickle of destruction, but the scepter of immortality." It has been said by the philosopher Tupper:

That we are of earth for a day, but an heir of the universe forever!
For neither the congealing of the grave, nor gulphing waters of the firmament,
Nor rust of rest, nor wear, nor waste, nor loss, nor chance, nor change
Shall avail to quench or overwhelm the soul within thee!
Thou art an imperishable leaf on the evergreen bay tree of existence;
A word from wisdom's mouth that can not be unspoken;
A ray of love's own light; a drop in mercy's sea;
A creature marvelous and fearful, begotten by the fiat of omnipotence.
I that speak in weakness and ye that hear in charity
Shall not cease to live and feel, though flesh must see corruption;
For the prison gates of matter shall be broken, and the shackled soul go free
Forever, happy fate, to ripen into perfectness, forever!

Mr. BARNHART. Mr. Speaker, what a sunshine and what a shadow is life! To-day we are in the midst of activity and usefulness, and to-morrow our faces and our favors are known no more forever. Truly it has been said that man cometh forth, like the flower of the field, only to fall, in the full bloom, before the blighting edge of the sickle of death. Also truly it has been said that man's work doth follow him. And notwithstanding the awful truism that "in the midst of life we are in death," there is great inspiration and hope in the assurance that death does not end all, and that usefulness and devotion to duty, in whatever sphere of life, is the richest legacy that can be left to posterity, and that loyalty to friends and country has its bountiful reward, both here and hereafter.

With a magical name and a wealth of industry, ambition, and love of fellow-men, ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, to whom we give panegyric here to-day, came into the field of life's activities equipped for leadership in an advantageous way. He was not only blessed by nature and environment with qualification for the larger sphere of usefulness in his community and his country, but he diligently enlarged his possibilities by studious research, until his ability shone in distinguished splendor and he was called, step by step, to the highest councils of his illustrious country.

It was not my pleasure to know him intimately, as many of you, sirs, who served with him here beneath this great dome, the emblem of supreme sovereignty throughout the world, but I did know him to be ambitious to serve his country well, and while he was a stalwart in politics, he was magnanimous to all of opposite faith, and he followed his party leaders only so far as he thought them to be right.

Born of intellectual and sturdy parentage, he was endowed with a desire to get knowledge, and after securing a high-school education he achieved scholastic finish at Cornell, Yale, and Michigan universities, and entered upon a successful career as a lawyer. Soon after he was elected to responsible judicial calling, and later enjoyed the distinguished honor of being elected to Congress and reelected four times. And of his services here and of his devotion to his duty, to his friends, to his country, and to the heroes who stood by the Union in its time of peril, an old soldier, with a crown of snow-white hair over a heart of gold, says:

I care not how great his predecessors were, no Congressman ever did more for his district than ABRAHAM L. BRICK. He knew the wants of his constituents, and none ever worked harder for the poor and afflicted than he. No Congressman ever loved and cared for the old soldier more than he, and no one had a greater reverence for the flag of his country—this not so much for its triumphs of 1776, 1812, and 1846, but for its blood stains for the perpetuity of this Union. His motto was, "If you can not say good of one, say no evil." Hence, he always had some extenuating circumstance for the man who may have gone wrong. His badge of love and humanity's heraldry reclines on thousands of breasts whose hearts have felt. Therefore if, after his life of love, he is but dust, he needs no tears. Then all the eulogies, monuments, and canotaphs of earth are hollow mockeries. If he lives forever, then he is

safe, because on earth he furnished the material for his mansions of charity, for God is just and He knows ABRAHAM L. BRICK.

Of his traits as fellow-citizen, neighbor, and friend a lifelong acquaintance says of him:

To his intimate friends Mr. BRICK always maintained that advancement and high standing in the law was his prime ambition, and that it was against both his better judgment and his real inclination that he yielded to the importunities of his friends and entered upon a political career. His eloquence as a speaker, his interest in public affairs and in the success of his party had, however, brought him into political prominence.

The same vigor, earnestness, and assiduous attention to work that had produced the successful lawyer made Mr. BRICK a useful, popular Congressman. A hard worker, effective speaker, and courteous gentleman, the progress of his service placed him high in the regard of his constituents and influential in the councils of his party.

But death ends all activity. There remains but the memory of a reputation. Of the hollowness of fame and power and wealth none were more aware than ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK. At a social function a few years ago at the Oliver Hotel, in South Bend, Ind., in honor of an old-time friend, Mr. BRICK spoke feelingly of the elusive baubles of fame and riches which so many pursue to their undoing; and in eloquent words portrayed the higher satisfaction of an ambition devoted to noble purposes, along the cool, sequestered vale of a private career. Was it the heart recalling its own earlier cherished dreams? Doubtless so, for his high ideals, his love of nature, and his poetic temperament often made him yearn for relief from public burdens, but his sense of duty to friends and country held him in the public service. He esteemed public duty to be paramount to personal comfort; therefore he died literally "in the harness."

So, after his life of generosity, of manifold good deeds to others, let us remember his virtues as worthy of our emulation, and as the bleak winds of life toss us hither and thither and submerge our ambitions with billows of misfortune and despair let us hope that they may ever hum a requiem to the eternal rest of him whose memory we honor here to-day. My hope and my ambition is to succeed his official career well.

And, as appropriate benediction to his life and an inspiration for us, shall we all join in the humble but uplifting consecration vouchsafed to mankind by life's sanctuary in Max Ehrmann's *Kindly Light*:

Let me do my work each day, and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am, and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

ADJOURNMENT.

Then, in accordance with the order heretofore adopted (at 4 o'clock and 34 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned.

SENATE.

MONDAY, February 15, 1909.

Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Edward E. Hale.

The Secretary proceeded to read the Journal of the proceedings of Thursday last, when, on request of Mr. TELLER, and by unanimous consent, the further reading was dispensed with.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Journal stands approved.

CREDENTIALS.

Mr. PILES presented the credentials of WESLEY L. JONES, chosen by the legislature of the State of Washington a Senator from that State for the term beginning March 4, 1909, which were read and ordered to be filed.

Mr. McLAURIN presented the credentials of JAMES P. CLARKE, chosen by the legislature of the State of Arkansas a Senator from that State for the term beginning March 4, 1909, which were read and ordered to be filed.

Mr. BOURNE presented the credentials of GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN, chosen by the legislature of the State of Oregon a Senator from that State for the term beginning March 4, 1909, which were read and ordered to be filed.

FINDINGS OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS.

The VICE-PRESIDENT laid before the Senate a communication from the assistant clerk of the Court of Claims, transmitting a certified copy of the findings of fact and of opinion filed by the court in the cause of Henry A. Laughlin, surviving partner of Jones & Laughlin, and 10 other parties v. United States (S. Doc. No. 715), which, with the accompanying paper, was referred to the Committee on Claims and ordered to be printed.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, announced that the House had passed the following bills:

S. 3969. An act to amend the laws of the United States relating to the registration of trade-marks;

S. 8628. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the civil war and to certain widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors; and

S. 8629. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of wars other than the civil war and to certain widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors.

The message also announced that the House had passed the following bills with amendments, in which it requested the concurrence of the Senate:

S. 1574. An act to create the Calaveras Bigtree National Forest, and for other purposes;

S. 8254. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the civil war and certain dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors;

S. 8422. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the civil war and to widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors;

S. 8510. An act to extend the time of payments on certain homestead entries in Oklahoma;

S. 8898. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the late civil war and to certain widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors; and

S. 8899. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to soldiers and sailors of wars other than the civil war and to certain widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors.

The message further announced that the House had agreed to the amendments of the Senate to the following bills:

H. R. 7474. An act granting a pension to Charles H. Balch;

H. R. 24831. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the civil war and certain widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors;

H. R. 25391. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the civil war and certain widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors;

H. R. 25806. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the civil war and certain widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors;

H. R. 26461. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the civil war and certain widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors; and

H. R. 26746. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the Regular Army and Navy and certain soldiers and sailors of wars other than the civil war, and to widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors.

The message also announced that the House had agreed to the amendments of the Senate to the bill (H. R. 21926) for the organization of the militia in the District of Columbia, except amendment No. 79, to which it agrees with an amendment, in which it requested the concurrence of the Senate.

The message further announced that the House had passed the following bills and joint resolution, in which it requested the concurrence of the Senate:

H. R. 23717. An act to extend the time for construction and beginning construction of the Alaska Short Line Railroad in Alaska;

H. R. 24149. An act granting to the Montana, Wyoming and Southern Railway Company a right of way across the Fort Keogh Military Reservation, Mont.;

H. R. 27053. An act making appropriations for the Department of Agriculture for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910;

H. R. 27249. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the Regular Army and Navy and certain soldiers and sailors of wars other than the civil war, and to widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors;

H. R. 27419. An act to repeal the act of June 29, 1906, granting a pension to Jackson Adkins;

H. R. 27469. An act granting pensions and increase of pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the civil war and certain widows and dependent relatives of such soldiers and sailors;

H. R. 27864. An act granting a right of way over a strip of land along the eastern boundary of the Fort McPherson Military Reservation to the commissioners of Fulton County, Ga., for road purposes;